

# REPORT OF PROCEEDINGS

AT THE

## DISTRIBUTION OF PRIZES

IN

ST. MARY'S

HOSPITAL

MEDICAL

SCHOOL,



WEDNESDAY, MAY 20th, 1857.

WITH THE ADDRESS

DELIVERED BY

SIR JAMES KAY-SHUTTLEWORTH BART.,

WHO PRESIDED ON THE OCCASION.

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J. E. ADLARD, PRINTER, BARTHOLOMEW CLOSE.

## REPORT.

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THE proceedings were opened by the Dean of the School reading the following Report from the Medical School Committee :

SIR,

On again meeting their friends at the annual return of this pleasing ceremony, the Medical School Committee feel that some prefatory remarks, however brief, will be expected from them, upon the present position of St. Mary's Medical School ; they will, on this occasion, be very short indeed, not only for the reason that the subject offers but little variety from year to year, but because we know, Sir, that, upon this occasion, we should, by any lengthened statement, only render impatient an audience who await with eagerness the pleasure of being addressed by yourself.

It is satisfactory, however, to be able to report that the progress of this Institution has been solid and real through the past year. Fewer students resorted to London for the prosecution of the study of Medicine last October than had done so for several previous years, and very few; scarcely any, of the Schools kept up their average numbers ; it is most gratifying, therefore, to us to be able to state that the number of Pupils who joined St. Mary's

School in October, 1856, exceeded that of those who entered in the previous year.

Founded and opened in 1854, St. Mary's reached in April, 1857, that eventful period of its career when its pupils, having completed the curriculum of their education, became eligible for examination for those Diplomas which qualify them for the active public practice of their profession—truly an eventful epoch both for the Pupil and the Alma Mater! With all its ardent aspirations, the true test was now to be applied to our School! Several of our students have already presented themselves for their public examinations, and it affords their teachers sincere pleasure to be thus able to bear public record to the credit with which they, one and all, without a single exception, acquitted themselves before the Examining Boards, thus doing honor to their place of education as well as to themselves. Parting with those familiar faces, as we now must, wishing them, as we cordially do, every success and happiness in the practice of our noble profession, we cannot but confess to a painful conviction of the very imperfect results which attend medical education. Our young friends, in the natural excitement of this meridian of their hopes, will scarcely join in this feeling, but, ere we take farewell of them, we would earnestly entreat them to realise the responsibility of their new position. They will now shortly be the *trainers*, if not, in the same sense as within these walls, the *teachers* of others. They must many times, during their studies in this place, have felt, as we have done both for them and for ourselves, the need of a better early education, and general preparation of the individual for the particular work designed for him. Will they, then, in their new sphere, do their share—the most important, but at the same time, when rightly attempted, the easiest



share—of the labour of elevating the moral and professional status of the practitioner of medicine?

At the opening of this School, several pupils of the Hospital who had partly completed their attendance on lectures in another institution joined us, and finished their education here. It gives the greatest satisfaction to the Committee to call attention to the fact that of those gentlemen, two have been appointed in the past year to positions of great practical importance in the well-working of a Medical School, viz., Mr. George Green Gascoyen to the Demonstratorship of Anatomy, and Mr. Meller to the Honorary Curatorship of the Museum. The object of the Committee in making this statement is to impress upon the minds of the students of St. Mary's the fact that the steady, conscientious, and willing discharge of appointed duty in the School and Hospital will undoubtedly ensure a recognition, both in the hearty support and good feeling of the staff and teachers, as well as the more substantial honor of such appointments; that we shall always maintain the principle of seeking merit amongst our own pupils rather than abroad, regarding it as one of the best and most legitimate incentives which we can hold out to them to work.

Such are our causes and sources of congratulation; but we have those of regret also. We are still wanting in that brilliant attraction to the medical student of the present day—*Scholarships*. They tell with great force upon the prospectuses of the wealthy schools of this metropolis. We simply cannot afford them yet. But to record this fact without explanation would be to do an injustice to the liberality of the governing body of the Hospital and to ourselves. The truth is, that far more than the money-value of any Scholarship in London is given without cost

in this Hospital. There exists here an arrangement by which, step by step, regulated by his success in open competition, the diligent student may rise, without any expense, to the office of Resident Medical Officer or House-Surgeon, three of whom are annually appointed for twelve months and two for six months each. Now, the value of such appointments is fully appreciated, they are eagerly sought after, and largely paid for, directly or indirectly, in other institutions. Here they are held out as an encouragement to practical proficiency in medicine and surgery. That this system operates well for the pupils and the institution we have abundant evidence. The progressive elevation of the student, as the result of recurring competitions, tends to stimulate his energies and keep up the practical knowledge which he is daily acquiring, and has exhibited the happiest illustrations in those who have held such offices in St. Mary's. We can point with just pride to the honorable position, both public and private, of the past House-Surgeons of the Hospital. Although we have reason to know that this fact in our system has never yet been made sufficiently prominent, we have still good ground for being assured that, if ever it were fully appreciated, we should yet be regarded as wanting, so long as we cannot offer the more tangible and attractive prize of a Scholarship. We are, therefore, most unwilling to abandon the hope of being able soon to add that important recommendation to our prospectus.

The Prizes were then distributed—the Prizemen in the different Classes (for a list of their names see pp. 38-9) being introduced to the Chairman by the Dean of the School.

The CHAIRMAN then addressed the meeting as follows:

About a year ago, I had the honor to deliver an address to the Medical School of Manchester, in which I was led to regard the training and science of the Art of Medicine chiefly from the side on which they are influenced by modes of thought, and conditions of intellectual philosophy. I endeavoured to show how, not merely the condition of the intellect of nations, in their advance from barbarism to civilisation; not merely the characteristics of race, as exhibited in the Arabic and the Greek; but, even the different schools of metaphysical theory which have existed since the revival of letters, had left each a distinct impress on the methods of investigation, and the process of reasoning in the colleges of medicine. I particularly drew attention to the contrast between the methods and results of the idealists of Germany, and the more severe and cautious inductions of the philosophy of the West. Then I endeavoured to show how the forms of philosophy were, at length, co-operating, and, by a resolution of forces, combining the facts collected by the solidists of the West, with the speculations and experimental analysis of the humoral pathologists of the North of Europe.

It was a train of thought which primarily regarded the purely intellectual aspect of the medical art.

Yet it was impossible to cast even this hurried and imperfect glance at the mode in which medicine had received tribute from all known science, without also suggesting that the art which applies the methods and discoveries of philosophy, not to *matter*, but to *man*, has relations, not of a purely intellectual, but of a moral character.

There is a book in which that which concerns the spiritual relations of man is revealed, in the history of patriarchs, who believed in a spiritual God when all the world



was sensual and idolatrous ; of prophets, who redeemed a chosen nation from fetishism—of martyrs, who kept the faith in the fire, when commanded to worship the sun—and of that perfect rule of life which we have shown to us by God in Christ, who came to fulfil the law and the prophets, and suffered that we might be saved.

There has been in all time a priesthood, whose office was to ponder all that dimly understood spiritual relation of man to God ; to interpret the manifestations of the divine will, to search the oracles, to decipher the prophecies, and especially to teach us how to live according to the doctrine and example of our Saviour.

Now it seems to me that the true dignity of the art of medicine would be lost sight of, if we were to forget that all-important as are intellectual methods in the discovery and application of scientific truth, yet when we have to employ an art which interferes with the destiny of man, those who exercise that art are, if I may so speak, but another order of priests.

As there are spiritual, so there are natural laws. The relations of our spirits to the source of life and intelligence, form that object which has absorbed the contemplation of sages, out of whose partial glimpses of truth have arisen the various forms of religion which have, even when perverted, commanded the homage of nations. But, in the life of man, the spirit is so twin with matter, that the vital force, however it may modify, does not supersede, the operation of natural laws. There is, even at this point of contact of the mind with matter, a commingling, as it were, of spiritual and natural laws. There is even a point in which the recognition of the natural law, and submission to it, is a part of that homage of the spirit to the divine will, which is of the very essence of religion.



The Tempter told our Saviour to cast himself from a pinnacle of the Temple, in faith that the rapture of the psalmist would be realised, and that the angels of God would bear him up, and not suffer him to dash his foot against a stone.

Christ rebuked the temptation. Even he could not hope that he would not be crushed, if he cast himself down, and expected that the laws of nature would be suspended on his behalf. Thus it is of the very essence of religion to search out the will of God in nature, reverently to read and contemplate it, and piously to obey it. In no walk of natural science does this study of the laws of God approach so closely to the confines of the purely spiritual world, as in that physiology, without which all psychology is inscrutable. When we investigate the laws of life, we are on the very threshold of the spiritual world; when we guard and tend its sacred flame, the flame of life, we have assumed an office which is almost that of a priest.

If this be true, then I ought not to apologise to you if I request you to follow me in an unusual path, and to consider with me the medical art in some of its moral relations.

Yet I would say that the subject ought not to lose its dignity from the defects of the speaker. The truth, as to which I have only a dim insight, will, doubtless be examined by those who have a keener and purer vision; and a personal sense of imperfection, which even renders the responsibility of such a task a burden almost beyond my courage and strength—makes me dependent upon you for your most considerate construction on my endeavours.

Whatever further apology may be required will, perhaps, be suggested by the peculiar need which exists, that, for the student of medicine, the light of the spiritual world should be shed on all that appears to drag down the dignity

of man to the material. There are great mysteries in life which no science will ever solve. There are vital forces the laws of which we may define, but the secret of which we can never penetrate. Before the student of anatomy lies an exquisite and complicated machinery, in which the imponderable agents of nature stir on subtle errands. We know that the machine stops when certain wheels are broken, but we know not why a drop of poison on an open wound, or from the fang of a cobra, stops it in an instant, though the same elements in a combination slightly altered nourish and refresh. Moreover, how strange a thing is sleep!—the image of death. How much stranger somnambulism, in which a part only of the faculties and senses are awake; and what a portent is that trance, in which the body lies cold, senseless, and motionless, for days, undistinguishable from a corpse, yet to revive to life!

Yet it is on this almost sacred mystery of life and organization that the immature youth intrudes too often unwarned, and becomes too soon familiar with it, in a degree injurious, if not fatal, to his moral sense.

I remember the first time that I entered a dissecting-room, the porter showed me in early in the morning. I was fresh from a pure home. There was a corpse on the table, covered by a sheet. I had an awe of death, and of the cold and livid ruin which it had made. I sat down in silence. I waited perhaps an hour. What thoughts passed through my mind! Then suddenly entered a group of initiated students. They stripped the sheet from the subject. It was a female form. The conversation jarred on my ears—wrung my heart. It was jesting, ribald, even profane. Even the Professor who entered, and who is a man of pre-eminent skill and knowledge, said nothing to rebuke this tone. My blood was almost curdled in my

veins. At that moment I could not conceive it possible that I should spend every livelong day of many months in rooms crowded by such bodies, over which would swarm these votaries of a great but thus degraded science.

Doubtless these things are much changed since that day, and the evil I describe has been greatly mitigated, if not removed. Yet this strange familiarity with what is most calculated to shock the sense is but the first step in a series of trials, to which sentiment, intellect, and even conscience are exposed.

The anatomist arranges the bony skeleton and ponders its curious architecture; but comparative and fossil anatomy come to throw a strange light on its homologies. These nails elsewhere are claws; this arm and these fingers are wings; this hand is a paddle; these toes form strange supports under the mass of the mammoth elephant; this little caudal series of bones elsewhere is a tail; this tooth a tusk; this nose is a long, attenuated snout. But, still more strange, this skull, the seat of intelligence and sensation, is but a developed vertebra.

Then, as respects these muscles, these viscera, the lungs, heart, and alimentary apparatus, through a long series ascending generally from the simple to the more complex—science has traced a scale of being, of which man is the lord, so that all beneath him appears to have been made in preparation for his advent, and to administer to his wants. But the reflex of this thought is, how much of this nobler work of creation is common also to the beasts which perish.

Then, as we enter on the study of histological physiology, we are taught that the germ of every structure is a cell, and that the ova, from which all organization is developed, are also cells. We can watch with the microscope their



development, when they have received the vital impulse by which they grow each into its own form. Strange analogies force themselves on the mind of the observer at every stage, until he presumes that he has grasped the most secret law of nature, by which, step by step, in myriads of ages, the monad cell became a man.

Then again, we trace the tide of the arterial blood rich with oxygen, bathing every tissue in a blush of life and health, and the returning current of venous blood, loaded with the waste which every vital action causes, until it is exposed in the exquisite cellular apparatus of the lungs to the air, where carbonic acid gas is expired, and oxygen absorbed. In some organs the exact chemical process of secretion has been defined; generally the balance of the vital action, in its chemical relations, has been ascertained; and it is clear that no function is sustained without a chemical change. The eager chemist leaps to the conclusion, that chemical affinities alone exist, and that vital affinities are only another name for obscure phenomena, which science will ere long explore, and explain upon acknowledged and purely physical laws. If then, no motion nor sensation occur without a chemical change, what, the presumptuous student asks, is this frame but a mere subtle chemical laboratory, and life itself but a series of molecular changes subject to purely chemical laws?

Every step that is taken in defining the functions of separate structures leads us to analyse the phenomena of life, and to trace each to its peculiar organ. These muscles are endowed with the power of contraction—this tissue with a tonic force. If you cut this nerve issuing from the spinal canal, you deprive the limb which it enters of sensation, but the motive force remains; whereas, if you divide this other channel of nervous power the limb is paralysed,



but the sensation remains intact. If you cut one nerve, the diaphragm ceases to move; if another, the chemical changes in the lungs are disturbed. If you injure the cerebellum the power of combining the motions of the body is impaired or lost. Slice it on this side, and a bird flies in a circle; cut it in this direction, and it tumbles in the air like a pigeon. Near these tubercular quadragemina is the seat of the wonderful faculty of sight; and not distant is a point, the slightest injury to which is destructive of life. Remove these lobes from the brain of a fowl, and it becomes a mere digesting assimilating apparatus. If you put grains into its beak, they are swallowed; alimentation and nutrition are performed; vital heat is supported; the circulation goes on, but the bird remains without a volition, motionless and senseless.

From facts like these, there have not been wanting those who have thought, and even taught, that life is only a phenomenon of organization—complicated, but capable of analysis, by which its secrets may all, at length, be unmasked.

These are all downward steps to materialism, a gulf so profound that it swallows up the future, and with it all idea of responsibility; and every rule of life, except that of pleasure or pain, within this span of being. “Let us eat and drink,” says the satirist, “for to-morrow we die.”

Nor shall we think the spirit with which the student enters the medical profession less important, if we reflect at how very immature an age he is brought into contact with some of those conditions of humanity which have formed the problems on which philosophers and statesmen have pondered; and become familiar with phenomena of being, which have been always accepted as the signs of great powers of nature beyond human control.

Looking on the profession of medicine as a whole, one of the most refining and elevating influences to which it is subject, is the dependence of the mass of the poor upon it for aid in the great crises and afflictions of life; and the early demand which is thus made on every member of it for sympathy and charity.

I shall ever consider it as a great personal advantage that my first intimate knowledge of the indigence, moral degradation, and sufferings of the poor was gained in company with a great physician, who had sympathy with them, patience and fortitude and hopeful interest in their mutual charities and eccentric virtues, and an insight into the claims of their common humanity, as well as an instinct of the economic truth that the recklessness which arises from misery is more costly than the hope fostered by even that public aid which, while it gives the indigent security for life, thus defends property from their despair. It was in company with Professor Alison that for some years I threaded the wynds of the old town of Edinburgh, amid a population perishing from the ravages of contagious typhus. At a very early age I was familiar with those palaces of the old nobility of Scotland, whose rude feudal luxury had been displaced by the Irish family squatting on the floor, with their pig, sometimes six or seven stories above the street.

I witnessed the daily charities of my learned teacher, administered so as to hide the doings of his right hand from his left; the patience with which he gathered from untutored lips and an almost barbarous dialect, the indications to guide his skill; the kindly hints which he dropped for the guidance of the life, the management of the sick, the restoration of the wayward, and the absence of all obtrusive meddling. His presence was balm and consolation, so full was it of all the charities of life.

My lot was fortunate. I can conceive that such scenes may be visited without such a guide. I confess it seems to me almost an awful thing that the immature and unconscious youth should come suddenly in contact with the dire miseries of a great city, without warning of the mischief which he witnesses, and help to read the terrible problem of evil thus disclosed to his contemplation—half the population dying before two years of age from bad nursing or diet, filth, foul air, and contagion; the seeds of death sown broad cast by want of sewage, scavenging, ventilation, cleanliness, and temperance; pestilence, like the angel in the camp of Sennacherib, destroying a people whose vital force has been undermined by whisky or gin, by toil, improvidence, and want. These are not scenes to be daily visited without injury to the moral sense, unless the sympathy be kept open for everything which affects the lot of man, not simply as the paragon of being; nor even as a client whose cause is ours against all the agencies of disease and death; but as a creature whose mysterious lot it is to have to walk in a straight path, fine as the bridge of Nadir, from earth to heaven, with a seething pit of destruction beneath his feet. All these scenes of want, disease, and death, of famine, pestilence, moral pollution, and ruin, what are they? These pale rickety children; these forms bowed with premature age, crippled or wasted by disease; these degenerate races; these men in whose stunted forms disease or vice seems hereditary; these cretins, idiots, goitred and scrofulous monsters—what are they?

There is great need that the young student in visiting scenes like these, should be taught what are the laws of nature which have been violated, the hideous consequences of which thus cross his path with their loathsome forms. Then to leave him ignorant of the elements of those



questions of social philosophy which affect the condition of the poor, is also to expose him to the risks of grave error, from misdirected sympathy and efforts. But, beyond the physical and social science of which he has immediate need, lie the questions of man's destiny, in a purely moral region of thought, and without an earnest search into which, the highest aims of the art and its professors are bounded by the material. To stop the plague in its insidious invasion of a province, by discovering the law of its diffusion, and counteracting its subtle influence; to teach a city to regulate its factories and mines, its water-supply, markets, drainage, burials, and police, so as to minister to the public health; to show the relation of the public health to great questions of social legislation—these are all functions within the province of the physician. But the best preparation for the study and solution of all these questions is the conviction that the highest test of physical health is the moral tone of the population, that every step of national civilisation is to be proved by results in the character of society, in the spread of intelligence, in the growth of public and private virtue. In short, that the spiritual part of our being is so mingled with the physical, that he is only half a physician who is unable to comprehend the moral features of society, when he appears only called by his profession to grapple with its physical evils.

From Dispensary practice in the dwellings of the poor, the student of medicine enters the hospitals; first, as a clinical observer; then as having charge as dresser, assistant, house-surgeon, or resident physician. Here are brought under his eye the casualties of life, its organic maladies, the various forms of infectious and contagious disease. His perceptive faculties are trained in the discipline of physical



diagnosis and symptomatology. He watches the daily changes of acute and the slower progress of chronic maladies. He stands by when the knife of the surgeon separates the diseased from the most vital organs, or otherwise relieves the sufferer by a critical operation. He attends in the pathological theatre to witness the confirmation or correction of the diagnosis by the examination of the morbid structures after death. He sees the treasury of nature ransacked for all its most potent agencies to control morbid actions, after a subtle analysis of the symptoms, and with vigilance of the results.

In well-regulated hospitals, the wards are warmed and ventilated on scientific principles, every precaution is taken, by cleanliness and disinfection, to prevent the origin of the diseases peculiar to the congregation of the sick. The day-nurses are, or ought to be, selected for their experience, good conduct, patience, and skill. In the night-nurses, probably, most hospitals are less fortunate. The whole medical staff exhibits that which is the greatest honor of the profession in Great Britain—a singular devotion, rewarded solely by the sense of duty done—opportunity for a more scientific observation of disease—and it may be, after prolonged labours, the appreciation of the public.

The more earnest students of medicine, in their early career, spend years in these scenes and duties, not as visitants only, but living within the walls of the hospitals,—in the atmosphere of contagion,—sometimes in apartments barely separated by lath and plaster partitions from the wards, in which may be heard night and day the moans of disease and death.

Every profession requires its acts of sacrifice, and I may say in passing, that the victims to contagion among the

students and professors of medicine, deserve their tribute of public gratitude and honor.

But I bring this period of the student's career under your review with other objects. After years of experience at home, the student visits the hospitals of the great European cities. He attends the clinique of Louis or Andral, or the great French surgeons, or watches the researches of Kölliker or Rokitansky, or examines the admirable physical arrangements of the hospital at Bordeaux.\*

So he passes from city to city over the whole of civilised Europe, to observe in like manner the phenomena of disease, the resources of the art, the structure and regulation of hospitals, and to note the steps of scientific diagnosis and cure.

In all this, if done in the right spirit, there is something so closely allied to that to which our Saviour himself pointed as one of the characteristics of his mission, when he answered the inquiries which the Baptist made through his disciples, that it might almost seem that the whole work of the physician was fulfilled when the picture of it was thus drawn. As a true result of the growth of science, the hospitals of Europe may, in their main features, challenge scrutiny; and, in many of the chief hospitals, there is present an order of attendants on the sick, who, by a life of religious self-devotion, add to these works of charity, of science, and of art, in the cure of the body, that effort of Christian faith for the cure of the soul which completed our Saviour's reply: "Go and show John again those things which ye do hear and see. The blind receive their sight, and the lame walk; the lepers are cleansed, and the deaf hear; the dead are raised up, and the poor have the Gospel

\* See 'Transactions of Manchester Statistical Society,' Paper by Mr. Robertson.

preached unto them ; and blessed is he, whosoever shall not be offended in me."

I wish to convey my conviction that we lose sight of the true dignity of our art, if we are limited by the material in our charities for the cure of disease, and do not administer every act in the spirit of that example which Christ set us, when he seemed to co-ordinate his supernal power in the relief of suffering and of sin, in the reply, "Whether is it easier to say, Thy sins be forgiven thee, or to say, Take up thy bed and walk?"

With this conviction, I would with respect and deference suggest that the arrangements of hospitals should, in all respects, be such as to exhibit the effort to cure disease in the light of an act of Christian charity, encouraging and guiding that penitence and change of life without which we are all without spiritual hope.

Such efforts are in harmony with that charity which has provided not simply healing, but a house of mercy for the penitent Magdalene ; which has not only banished the jail fever from our prisons, but converted them, at least in some degree, from schools of crime to houses of reformation—with that psychology, which has removed the manacle, the scourge, the straw and chain from the cells of maniacs, and has exorcised the evil spirit by the gentleness of Christian sympathy. So, in our hospitals, we ought to remember that almost every inmate comes thither peculiarly conscious of the realities of death and a future state. In such a house, not merely his own awe at the presence of disease and death, but everything around him should be a messenger of the Great Physician, to invite him from a life of sin to one regenerate by suffering and repentance.

Hospitals so conducted would become not merely schools in which nurses, impelled by charitable self-devotion, would



be trained; but the students of the art would receive in them an impulse during their education which, co-operating with the love of science, and zeal in the art already implanted, could not be without its influence on the character of the profession.

When we reflect in what scenes and under what responsibilities this act has to be exercised, the motive for aiming at a high standard of moral, as well as of intellectual excellence, will be more apparent.

There are, for example, the great events of war—such as have recently been brought with unusual skill before the popular apprehension. The carnage of battle-fields, the fevers of the Delta, the accumulating casualties of the siege, the bivouac, the winter's night watch, scanty and improper food, insufficient clothing, want of shelter, fatigue, watching, contagion, all tending to fill vast hospitals with a disabled army. We know that such scenes are not to be dealt with in the spirit of routine; hence the need of the highest science. But there is in such crises even a greater strain on the moral strength. There ought to be everything in the previous training of the student to implant a spirit of heroism.

Nor is it in scenes which thus stir the depths of intelligence and character, and sometimes awaken a latent force not till then suspected, that the moral nerve of the physician is tried. Let us conceive him to be placed in a region like some of the Alpine valleys, where natural causes co-operate with local habits and customs, to produce a marked degeneracy in the race. He is surrounded by stunted, sallow, bloated forms, sinking in hebetude, goitred, deformed, with clouded minds, or even idiots or insane. His clients would for the most part be the suffering poor, from whom he could hope for neither honor nor reward.



His researches would constantly bring him in contact with the most loathsome forms of humanity, take him into foul hovels, in malarious swamps, and into disgusting asylums of helpless cretinism. Years of patient observation, a careful record of facts collected from a wide area, and a scientific analysis and comparison of these results of a life of experience, may be required before the faithful physician may be able to grasp the clue in this labyrinth of thought, enabling him to reach the truth on which to plan a method of life to prevent, or a mode of treatment to cure such disease. Through a life so spent he needs to be supported by a love of science, by a deep sympathy for suffering humanity, and by a preference of a pure conscience above honor and reward.

The life of Jenner, spent in the researches by which he discovered the most remarkable law yet known in the etiology of diseases, and enabled us to limit the ravages of the plague of smallpox, is an example of this form of devotion.

The art of medicine has always had men ready for these, and the more dangerous task of watching the course of epidemic contagious maladies. Physicians have not shrunk from their posts of peril in the worst plagues which have ever visited the great cities of Europe. The love of scientific truth alone may enable the great physician to prepare himself to watch the approaches of such a malady as the Asiatic cholera, or yellow fever. He notes with accuracy the facts of its first appearance; he traces its diffusion; he ascertains the circumstances promoting its propagation, and, if possible, whence the seed of the mischief is scattered. Such researches lead him personally to the homes of the poor at all hours of the day and night, amid scenes of misery, want, filth, and vice, among the foulest haunts of

the most degraded. Perhaps in a single night he sees some loathsome lodging-house, filled with the dead and dying by a sudden outbreak of the epidemic ; or a street of prostitutes and thieves made one great hospital or charnel-house. Thus, under his eye, the population is smitten, day by day, by an unseen and pitiless influence, and perishes as immature blooms or fruits fall in a night of frost.

In its highest point of elevation, this love of scientific truth is a motive so pure and strong, that it partakes of the quality of the highest moral impulses. Science has its heroes and martyrs. Yet there must be an awful want in the philosophy of that man, however lofty his intellect, who could witness the destructive force of an epidemic develope and waste itself at the sacrifice of many thousands of the inhabitants of a great city, exactly in the same spirit as he would observe a swarm of ephemera die in a cold gust of wind, or some molecular change induced by heat, electricity, or chemical affinity. To the strength of the scientific love of truth, I would add that zeal for suffering humanity, whose deepest and fullest source is a conviction of their immortality and responsibility.

A general at the head of an army, disposing the destiny of thousand of lives by a word, and a physician witnessing the devastation of a province by an epidemic, with the conviction that the whole phenomenon might be arrested, if the law of its propagation were disclosed to him, as to Jenner, are both tempted to look on man as an ephemeron without a future. Indeed, with a distinct consciousness of the destiny of man, war would seem scarcely possible. But the thought that would paralyse the warrior, is exactly that which might give an almost superhuman strength to a physician.

I have said that the training of a physician from his

earliest studies, in the midst of the mass of the suffering poor, implants the instinct that man, in whatever degradation, is his client, at whose slightest claim his highest skill is ever ready. After years of study and observation, and more than half a life spent in the exercise of his art, perhaps it may be his lot to watch in palaces over the birth of infants, whose earliest cry is an event in history, and to tend the infirmities and decay of men whose will has governed navies and camps, and held empires together. Behind the fair pageant of life, the physician passes like a shadow. He discerns the first inroads of the disorder, unknown to its victim, which limits the career of the statesman, the philanthropist, or social philosopher. He sees the penalty which luxury pays in pain and hereditary disease—the noblest inheritances dissipated, and the proudest names dishonored by some distemper in the blood. Families whose names have held the highest place in English history, degenerate by some taint or flaw; and sacrificing happiness, fortune, and fame to vanity, or sensuality, or stupid pride.

Then he observes the “wear and tear” of our social life. He sees the strain of struggles in the learned professions, first for the means of living, then for a provision for a family; and to the gifted, for wealth, fame, and power. He has to watch the merchant’s tension of mind in those great speculations of our commerce which now encircle the earth.

Here is a great contrast to the man who began his career in the hovels of the poor, and who commonly still spends a part of every day in the wards of hospitals. Though there is no fee to stop the pulse of time, yet wealth is ready with any bribe for a respite, and riches are within the reach of the successful physician.

At this stage, he encounters the danger that he should forget the example of John Hunter, whose devotion to



science grew with his success ; and that he should thus become a mere lacquey of the wealthy and the great, and a hunter of fees.

There are two safeguards from this degradation,—the love of science, and a higher philosophy, which raises the physician above the capricious fashions of the upper ranks of civilisation, and makes him, to the highest as well as to the humblest, the witness of those laws of the moral and physical being to which all alike are subject.

The cost of living in our artificial society itself causes demands on the exertions of the physician which have an imperious tendency. Besides the mere competition, the house-room, and the cost of provisions in a great city, the growth of luxury creates wants, and custom intrudes with fantastic demands tending to make the man of science and genius the slave of his station in society. The sweat of his brain ought to be spent for something better than merely to live in a fashionable square, to dress his family in the newest gauds, and enable them to appear in all places of public resort. May I, without presumption, counsel a greater simplicity of life to those whom I would fain look upon as among the witnesses and guides of their time ? The man whose mind has been expanded by the education and career of a physician should also, in this respect, rise above the follies of his age. He needs time for reading, observation and reflection, and knows that solitude is the nurse of genius.

It was the custom of the Eastern seers to cherish in the desert insight into that truth which they returned to utter in the courts of kings. In our time we have had Dalton, and Faraday, and Owen living in studious simplicity, for high science, even in the throng of the busiest cities, untempted by the wealth or the homage of society from the



seclusion necessary to their noble pursuits; so, also, the physician does well to make his daily visit to the wards of his hospital, and to the houses of the poor, to take his place as an inquirer and teacher in the Medical School, and to spend some hours in secluded study, resisting every effort to shut out such pursuits, and to waste his time and faculties in hurrying from street to street, in hot haste, to satisfy the mere caprices of wealth and fashion.

A physician whose scientific ardour is thus daily fed with fresh oil, will carry the spirit of research with him into that other school of nature—this great city, whose energies govern and civilise half the world, which pours its tribute of wealth at its feet.

To one who has attained and preserved this elevation of mind, his daily visits to the chambers of wealth and luxury will also afford golden opportunities of study. Such works as those of Dr. Abercrombie, Sir Henry Holland, and Sir Benjamin Brodie are proofs of the harvest of observation and reflection which a physician may thus glean, as is also Sir James Clark's work on 'Climate,' in another sphere of inquiry. Before such men, this city is but a greater hospital. One ward is tapestried with silk and carpeted with velvet; another is a scene of squalor and rags; and a third is haunted by the laugh and scream of *dementiæ*. But, under their eye, is still the same subject of study—man. The follies, passions, and vices of the age have, in their calm intelligence, to be regarded from a point so raised above the transient turmoil, that they might almost be suspected of cynicism, when the tranquil habits of their thought alone are observed. But such men have not risen to the full stature of great physicians, if they have stifled the sympathy of man for his fellow-man. Not even the loftiest human intelligence has the right to arrogate to

itself the attitude of a spirit pure from all the frailties of humanity, having no lot in its casualties, and no partnership in its destiny. No man may stand and witness the errors, sufferings, and ruin of his fellow-man unmoved. But I could conceive that the spirit of a material philosophy should have so invaded the mind even of a learned physician, that he should have become hopeless of the lot of humanity. The progress of society in its moral aspects, from century to century, is so slow, that, notwithstanding all the triumphs of physical science in increasing the comforts and conveniences of life, I can conceive that such a man may say, that history reproduces the same features, modified only by the influence of race, civilisation, and national condition, but with only the same average moral character. He may not assert, with Rousseau, that man is degenerate from a condition of savage virtue; but he may, with Voltaire, deny him the power to rise above his present moral state.

A physician who has imbibed such a philosophy, must either be callous to human errors and suffering, or must himself be the hopeless centre of misery. Such a conviction is only another form of that materialism which denies a future to man—it denies a better future to the race.

The physician who, like Humboldt and Prichard, enlarges his scientific comprehension, so as to include the several tribes of man, is enabled to see how even purely physical causes must co-operate in the growth of civilisation, and with it of virtue.

By the reclamation of jungles and swamps, the irrigation of arid wastes, the increase of the means of subsistence, the diminution of coarse and degrading labour, the growth of science, and the improvements of the arts of life, the increased intercourse of men, the interchange of commodities

and ideas, and the admixture of races, tribes of men have been gradually elevated physically and morally ; even famine, pestilence, and war, tend to extirpate the feeble races, and leave only those which have vigour to survive such casualties.

The laws which govern the dispersion of the predominant races are, however, not purely physical. Wherever the Roman came, he introduced "virtus," the sense of obedience to the law ; a valor for the State, leading to self-sacrifice ; order, that the power of Rome might be supreme. He conquered and ruled by this moral power. Wherever the Anglo-Saxon appears, he brings a love of truth, liberty, and self-government, which enable him to conduct the enterprise of the world. He conquers by the sword, but he subdues and assimilates by commerce ; in the train of which follow material civilisation, and at length Christianity. He rules because he speaks the truth, trusts, and can obey ; but also because he is free and enterprising, and gives the impulse of liberty and commerce to the world.

Moreover, the races in which the highest physical organisation has been developed, present also the types of the greatest intellectual and moral force. The law of development is, that these nobler races gradually expel other types, or, in some happy instances, by the mingling of hardy races create a new and more vigorous type ; and thus, by the action and reaction of a chain of physical and moral causation, the physician sees the growth of the whole species in vigour and virtue.

That which we can trace of the migration, settlement, and history of nations, whether in their language, monuments, records, or traditions, gives also proof of progress, from a condition physically more coarse, socially more governed by brute force, and intellectually immeasurably lower than the present.



The same law of progress is to be traced in the history of many European nations, and especially in that of our own country. Here all the foregoing causes have combined to bring about the result. We have had a mingling of the blood of the Roman, Saxon, Dane, and Norman, in which the greatest hardihood, the sternest valour, the most restless activity, have been tempered by the Saxon strength and perseverance. We have partaken of the successive influences of the introduction of Christianity, the revival of ancient learning, the invention of printing, the growth of civic and national freedom, and the recent marvellous progress of the exact sciences. Can it be denied that the England of Victoria has made progress from the condition of the England of Alfred?

If our peasantry and artisans are still unlettered and rude; if we have much vice, crime, and pauperism; as a mass, their physical condition and the moral state of the upper ranks of workmen are improved. Apart, then, from the highest moral considerations, the physician ought to put his foot on the head of the serpent which would tell him to despair of the future of mankind. Every example of the highest moral excellence is not like the genius of Newton, to be regarded as a phenomenon rather to excite awe than hope. Even the wonderful intellect of such a man shows us the grasp of the human mind.

But we have been taught, by a higher philosophy and example, that moral excellence is a thing apart from intellectual power, as it is from wealth and station. If we cannot hope that the intellectual power of the race should be raised to the level of that of Newton, there is no meaning in the mission and example of Christ, if it be not designed to relieve us from despair as to the moral destiny of our species. He lived and died in vain if it is vain for the race

to strive to live after that example. Revelation is a fable, if it reveal a future destiny to each man, but leave us hopeless that the race itself can rise from its grave of barbarism, sensuality, and materialism.

This would not be the time or place to grapple with such speculations, if the most urgent want of the age were not, that every energy should be bent to the task of bettering the condition of the great mass of the population of Europe. Every century brings its peculiar crises. In this, Napoleon, embodying the impulse and power of the French Revolution, has destroyed the feudal institutions of Europe. The change was too vast, sudden, and revolutionary for the establishment of liberty. That which has survived the destructive hurricane of war is social equality. But this equality before the law has not solved the problem of a more equal diffusion of the means of subsistence. Security for life is perhaps gained, but penury and want still gnaw the masses of Europe. Socialism there universally threatens all existing institutions with ruin.

In this country changes are brought about gradually. After a quarter of a century we look back and find that we have taken one step in a revolution. We do not pass through the critical convulsions which suddenly transform the institutions of our neighbours. We have preferred liberty to equality, and we have succeeded in making that liberty a means of bettering the condition of the poor. Life is secure, property is safe, and the people improve. But we ought not to shut our eyes to the fact that the rapid development of the exact sciences; the command which this has given us over the natural forces; the consequent vast extension of our commerce, and with it of our national wealth and power, have given an impulse to luxury, increasing the distance which separates the indigent from the

wealthy, and the contrast of their social states. While riches and luxury accumulate, democratic power spreads, and pauperism and crime are problems yet unsolved. Tranquillity has been exactly proportionate to the conviction which the people have had, that they were cared for by the legislature and protected by the law.

As respects the condition of the mass of the people, the physician is in a position to be a most important witness, and he is not at liberty to be indifferent. Therefore it is that I would inspire him with faith in the destiny of his fellow-men. These men, worn by toil, wasted by want, corrupted by vice, are not mere fuel for epidemics. The energy of the race has made them successful colonists in every quarter of the globe, and, in every one of these suffering men might be developed a power and worth yet unknown.

We have had in this country such physicians as Sydenham, Harvey, Heberden, and Hunter. Such men are the interpreters to their time of such historic events as the invasion of epidemics. Living physicians have warned the public where lay the fuel of the epidemic cholera, by what municipal and social evils its virulence was promoted, and by what measures they might be removed. Under their guidance in the last twenty-five years, since this epidemic reached us, our great towns have commenced the improvement of their water-supply, markets, sanitary police, and of the houses and lodgings of the poor. The limitation on the hours of labour for women and children in certain employments is a recent feature of discussion and legislation.

The condition of workmen in mines, factories, in agricultural occupations, and trades noxious to health or dangerous to life, has been examined, and in these inquiries our profession has been faithful in all its true representatives to the interests of humanity. In this path of improvement



many problems await the research of faithful witnesses. We are solving with slow but steady progress the questions of national education, of reformatory discipline in gaols, and several allied questions; and, among them, the foul stain of intemperance, the evidence of which is an annual expenditure of £60,000,000 on beer, spirits, and tobacco.

That which is most affecting and hopeful is the effort which the people make, by their temperance societies, their pledges, and their outcries for the Maine liquor law, to remove this cause of poverty and discord from their families, and this obstacle to the elevation of their class from self-imposed misery and degradation. No physician is at liberty to be indifferent to the removal of the most prolific source of disease, insanity, and crime.

Another frightful social evil lies so peculiarly under the eye of the physician, that its causes and the means of prevention seem to be a study laid by circumstances on our profession,—I allude to *prostitution*. We are all familiar, from works of foreign medicine, with the sanitary police adopted abroad, to mitigate this plague as a source of danger to the public health. The mischief of such a police is, that it unavoidably transforms a social corruption into an institution. We are not at liberty to pay *black mail* to thieves, or simply to regulate *petty larceny*; but even the police might do much to prevent, and the law to punish, the kidnapping of inexperienced girls—to suppress infamous houses, in which the arts of seduction are practised—to root out brothels, and prevent the lures of public sensuality from becoming a snare for the young, and its indecencies from shocking the modest. But by mere repression new forms of evil are created. The whole subject should be examined from its source in the homes, domestic habits, education, and employment of women. It has a separate source in

every one of these. That physician would deserve well of his country who would not shrink from contact with this loathsome evil, in order that he might describe the disease and point out its cure.

While we thus insist on the right moral direction of the aims of the physician, let us not forget the power which science and erudition have to purify from low ambition, or the need there is for such a man throughout his life to refresh his spirit at the fountain-head of classical wisdom, and to keep the mind well braced by the air of high philosophy.

In the midst of early cares and struggles we gather strength from the habit of intercourse with the master spirits of former times. "They were no fools, I find, those ancients," said a man to me, who, when prostrate with nervous exhaustion after an arduous professional career, had cheered his retirement and reanimated his powers by renewing such studies. The physician who carries with him his Greek or Latin classic in his daily round of visits, and lays it down on the seat of his carriage before he enters the chamber of his patient, will come in the true dignity of his profession, with a mind serene amidst petty jealousies, and unruffled by the unworthy practices of those who make a trade of their art. The physician whose mind is constantly fixed on that correlation of the sciences, in which lies his chief hope of perfecting the art of medicine, will be exact in observation, scrupulously accurate in his record of facts. He will patiently await the disclosure of nature's secrets. Through years of painful investigation he will toil, till he has reached the lode of truth, which alone can reward his efforts. To such a man the literature which has no meaning, except as an advertisement of its author's need and ignorance, can only operate as a warning. He will only lay before the world the results of his labours when the publi-

cation of discoveries, the revival of disused methods of cure, or the invention of other expedients suggested by the progress of science render the disclosure of his views a duty from which he ought not to shrink.

The opinions given by such a man to his patients will be simple, direct, and solely guided by science and experience. While his mind is open to receive the proofs of any improvement in his art, he will not easily be deluded by any of those pseudo-scientific innovations which every age produces. Such quackeries are for the most part the exaggeration of some truth, that single grain which he will search out and separate from its matrix of error.

Then, as respects his personal relations. No disguise of self-deception, fraud, morbid simulation, or insane fancy, will be likely long to escape the piercing insight of his experience. No blandishment of the wealthy or great will induce him to swerve from the straight path of duty, either to gloss over an infirmity, or to impute it where it does not clearly exist,—to pamper a caprice which ought to be suppressed, but the indulgence of which enervates or ruins. No one, of whatever rank, will seek such a man, hoping to obtain at his hands the palliation of some vicious or sensual course fatal to health or life. Nor will he shrink from the statement of a clearly discerned truth, though fortune, fame, or life might be saved by the hiding of what it may be an unquestionable duty to declare. Much less will he permit his science and skill to be purchased, to defend against his convictions any offender against the law. All will expect him to be a calm, simple, faithful interpreter of nature, whose voice will be heard through him.

He will never enter into any family feud, to make his authority wait upon morbid fancies and fears, much less upon guile or hatred. He will never practise on the apprehensions



of the sick or their friends, and prolong a course of medication, in which health, life, and domestic happiness are less considered than his own advantage. He will not seek to form any other alliance among his brethren than that of mutual respect and confidence, and will avoid every temptation to be mixed up with some school or cabal on any less legitimate basis.

With simplicity of habits, his wants will be few, and he will be ready at any time to live the life of a secluded scholar or man of science, if the ordinary path of his profession be closed to him, or to enter on any work of administration strictly in harmony with the objects of his career. Thus the profession of medicine has given to every branch of scientific inquiry some of their most successful students. I need scarcely now mention the names of physicians who, in this century, have illustrated the sciences of natural history, zoology, botany, ethnology, comparative anatomy, palæontology, geology, chemistry, meteorology, and whose works are of the highest authority in each. They will be found in the first rank of observers and interpreters of nature.

The revival of letters created a republic of learning in Europe, of which Latin was the common language, and in which distinctions were awarded independently of camps and courts, and an authority, in such men as Erasmus, acknowledged almost without appeal. The progress of all science was greatly promoted by the intercourse thus established among the greatest thinkers in every age. Thus we find Leibnitz and Newton in correspondence. The growth of the exact sciences has strengthened the organization of this republic of learning, as a means of diffusing every discovery with the utmost rapidity,—of trying every new theory before a court composed of every great inquirer, and of securing to

genius a reward in the homage of all who cultivate science throughout the world. No one can dethrone from their great elevation the chiefs of philosophy. The physician, in his studies, travels, and investigations, is a member of this republic of learning, and he does well never to be indifferent to the rank which he holds in it.

Nor is any profession so well prepared to foster all those institutions by which we may hope to spread a knowledge of natural science, especially among the middle classes. The growth of provincial colleges, public libraries, botanical gardens, museums of science and art, and of societies promoting habits of local observation and research, is an object strictly within the sphere in which a learned physician may hope beneficially to influence the city in which he lives. I have already said how usefully to himself and others he may lecture and demonstrate in some Medical School. In short, the life of a physician, though it may be without the reward of wealth or honor, cannot, if he be true to science and to his art, be spent in vain. Scarcely any career affords such frequent opportunity to assuage pain, to relieve physical and mental anguish; almost to restore to life those for whom the grave seemed to gape. No art has such wide relations with all science, or affords, therefore, so many regions of research. None renders its professor so intimate with every domestic and social condition of man, making him the confessor of the home, the censor of public manners, the administrator of social improvements, the social philosopher, out of whose labours legislation springs. Few men have a genius so comprehensive as to be able to grasp the whole of these multiform relations, but even the humblest, whose path is lit by truth, may in some one career of beneficence have been able, in some degree, to satisfy that yearning of the moral being not to have lived in vain.

How strange it would be to be endowed for one hour with prescience of the varied fate of all the young men attending this Medical School, and now about to launch into life ; to track each destiny through all its forms of effort, trial, suffering, and success ; to know in what various climes, in contact with what different races of men, through what vicissitudes, perils, and triumphs over chance and evil, the true and earnest spirit will win its way !

How much stranger would it be to be endued with a still higher power, to discern in the mental and moral constitution of each student now present the germ from which his future fortunes would unfold !

I do not speak in the spirit of fatalism. On the contrary, I have a conviction, which nothing can shake, that our moral and mental constitution are in such relation to the external world, that we are invited hopefully to the effort to win our way to mental and moral life, with a promise of victory to all who strive.

You are at the beginning of your career. It cannot, then, be presumed that you have exhausted the forms of evil to which you are liable. There is one great rule of the moral life which experience will indelibly impress—to learn from every error. Let every fault teach a change of life, and save you from its recurrence. There is another law,—that nothing is gained without its price. Experience, learning, wisdom, even the power of moral self-guidance, are all gained at a cost so great, that at length the whole life is paid out to the instalment of its last hour. We purchase our future life at the cost of a life spent in the effort.

There is one great consolation in this thought. The cost you may have to pay for your errors may be the irretrievable loss of every earthly good—fortune, friends, fair fame. You may lose the whole world, and find it pitiless in its refusal



to restore to you one fragment of your former good. But all this may be gain. You may have spent the present, but if by it you have purchased the future, you are immeasurably the gainer.

If you have rightly ordered your life, there will be one growing feeling in it, matured by the growth of intelligence, still more by the trials and triumphs of your moral nature; again, by the sense of change, of the creeping on of age, of the way in which the mind is elevated by surviving the periods of passion:—this growing feeling will be the desire for that light, which is the life of the spirit—is immortality itself.

Dr. SIBSON then proposed a vote of thanks to Sir James Kay-Shuttleworth for his admirable address and kindness in presiding on the occasion, which was seconded by Mr. COULSON, passed with acclamation, and acknowledged by the CHAIRMAN.

The meeting closed with a vote of thanks to Mr. Spencer Smith, the Dean of the School, which was proposed by Mr. Lane, seconded by Mr. Judd, and cordially received.

# LIST OF STUDENTS

TO WHOM

## PRIZES AND CERTIFICATES OF HONOR

WERE PRESENTED MAY 20th, 1857.

CLASS.	SESSION.	PRIZE.	CERTIFICATE OF HONOR.
<i>Anatomy—Senior</i>	1856 - 57	Mr. H. Howard Hayward	Mr. James Henry Jeffcoat.
<i>Do. Junior</i>	1856 - 57	Mr. Arthur Myers	Mr. Edwin Chisholm.
<i>Practical Anatomy</i>	1856 - 57	Mr. Mark Farrant.	
<i>Chemistry—Senior</i>	1856 - 57	Mr. Henry Ubsdell	Mr. James Henry Jeffcoat.
<i>Do. Junior</i>	1856 - 57	. . .	Mr. James E. Trevor.
<i>Medicine</i>	1856 - 57	Mr. Thomas L. Ash	Mr. Arthur Lawrence.
<i>Surgery</i>	1856 - 57	Mr. Walter J. Coulson.	

<i>Military Surgery</i>	1855 - 56	Mr. Owen Ossian Rogers	{ Mr. Walter J. Coulson. Mr. Mark Farrant. Mr. G. Edward Gascoyen.
<i>Botany</i>	1855 - 56	{ Mr. James Henry Jeffcoat . . . . .	Mr. Henry Hemstead. Mr. Henry Ubsdell.
<i>Materia Medica</i>	1855 - 56	{ Mr. James Henry Jeffcoat . . . . .	Mr. H. Howard Hayward. Mr. Thomas L. Ash.
<i>Midwifery—Senior</i>	1855 - 56	{ Mr. Arthur Lawrence . . . . .	Mr. E. M. C. Hooker. Mr. F. H. Smith.
<i>Do. Junior</i>	1855 - 56	Mr. Henry Ubsdell	Mr. H. Howard Hayward.
<i>Practical Chemistry</i>	1855 - 56	{ <i>First.</i> Mr. J. H. Jeffcoat <i>Second.</i> Mr. Henry Ubsdell	Mr. R. C. Price. Mr. E. M. C. Hooker.
<i>Medical Jurisprudence</i>	1855 - 56	Mr. E. M. C. Hooker	Mr. Arthur Lawrence.
<i>Comparative Anatomy</i>	1855 - 56	{ Mr. Dracachis. Mr. R. C. Price.	



## LECTURES

DELIVERED IN THIS SCHOOL.

## WINTER SESSION.

ANATOMY AND PHYSIOLOGY—Mr. Lane and Mr. Blenkins.  
 DESCRIPTIVE AND SURGICAL ANATOMY—Mr. Blenkins  
 and Mr. James Lane.

Mr. WALTON gives the Demonstrations of the Surgical  
 Operations on the Dead Body.

PRACTICAL ANATOMY AND SUPERINTENDENCE OF DIS-  
 SECTIONS—Mr. Gascoyen.

PATHOLOGICAL ANATOMY—Dr. Markham.

CHEMISTRY—Albert J. Bernays, Ph.D., F.C.S.

MEDICINE—Dr. Chambers and Dr. Sibson, F.R.S.

SURGERY—Mr. Coulson and Mr. Spencer Smith.

CLINICAL MEDICINE—Dr. Alderson, F.R.S.

CLINICAL SURGERY—Mr. Ure.

## SUMMER SESSION.

BOTANY—Dr. Spencer Cobbold.

MATERIA MEDICA—Dr. Sieveking.

PRACTICAL CHEMISTRY—A. J. Bernays, Ph.D., F.C.S.

MIDWIFERY, &c.—Dr. Tyler Smith and Mr. Baker Brown.

MEDICAL JURISPRUDENCE—Dr. Burdon Sanderson.

MILITARY SURGERY, &c.—Dr. James Bird, F.R.C.S.E.

OPHTHALMIC SURGERY—Mr. White Cooper.

AURAL SURGERY—Mr. Toynbee, F.R.S.

DENTAL SURGERY—Mr. —.

COMPARATIVE ANAT<sup>y</sup> AND ZOOLOGY—Dr. Graily Hewitt.

NATURAL PHILOSOPHY—Mr. G. R. Smalley, B.A.

*Printed by direction of the Medical School Committee.*

SPENCER SMITH,

*Dean of the School.*

ST. MARY'S; August, 1857.